

PINTO BILL
POEMS
of the
DESERT

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PINTO BILL

POETICAL VERSIONS



Are simple expressions of thought
telling the story in a few short
poetical lines.

Describing the Country
and its life.



Pinto Bill Poems

HELP DESERT BURROS

Art Work by George Norris Weaver

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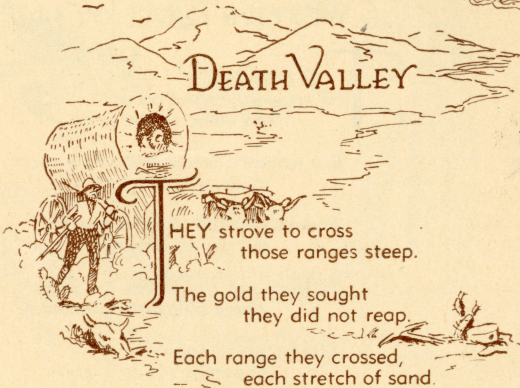
Series One

Edition One

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DEATH VALLEY

THEY strove to cross
those ranges steep.

The gold they sought
they did not reap.

Each range they crossed,
each stretch of sand.

Left just some less
of that brave band.

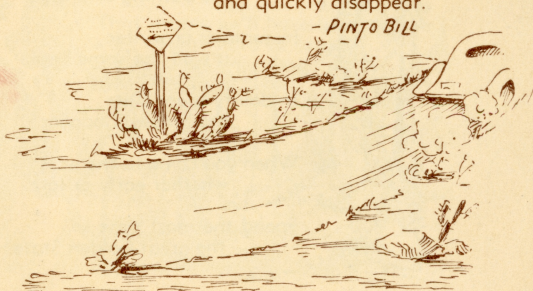
With transport slow,
in those days, '49.

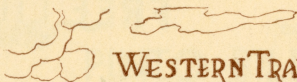
Who could tell which way,
without a sign.

O'er these same bad lands,
today, without fear.

The motorists pass and go,
and quickly disappear.

- PINTO BILL





WESTERN TRAVEL JOY



T

HE mountains and canyons
are steep in the west.

But around, about and above them,
roads are the best.

There's no time like the present,
to tour all around.

To hunt out the places
where pleasures abound.

The hotels or cabins
or camps you will reach.

Are high in the mountains
and down on the beach.

For those who seek highlands
and peaks far above.

Just take the right road
for the country you love.

Where the golden sunsets
make all beaches glow.

It is there for a swim
the bathing sylphs go.

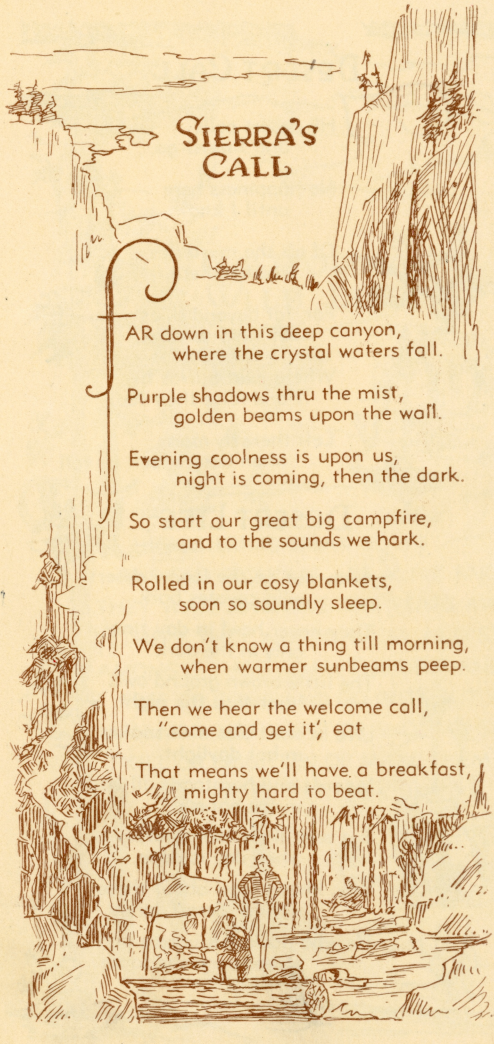
In summer or winter
it's all the same here.

In dainty scant suits
the girls will appear.

When you come to the west
whether early or late.

Spend the most time in
the great Golden State.





SIERRA'S CALL

Far down in this deep canyon,
where the crystal waters fall.

Purple shadows thru the mist,
golden beams upon the wall.

Evening coolness is upon us,
night is coming, then the dark.

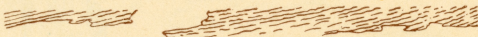
So start our great big campfire,
and to the sounds we hark.

Rolled in our cosy blankets,
soon so soundly sleep.

We don't know a thing till morning,
when warmer sunbeams peep.

Then we hear the welcome call,
"come and get it", eat

That means we'll have a breakfast,
mighty hard to beat.



DESERT CALL

THE desert calls
and I must go.

No happiness here
until I know.

Of all the mysteries
hidden there.

Far, far beyond skies
of tints so rare.

Where wild burros live
and raise their foal,

Left there by man
when desert took its toll.



DESERT LIFE

Away out on the lonely desert
wild coyotes bark.

They never howl in day time,
only in the dark.

The little brown ground owls
hunt thru the night.

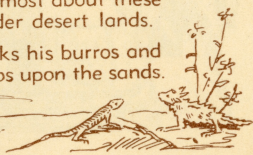
Live in the holes with snakes
in hot daylight.

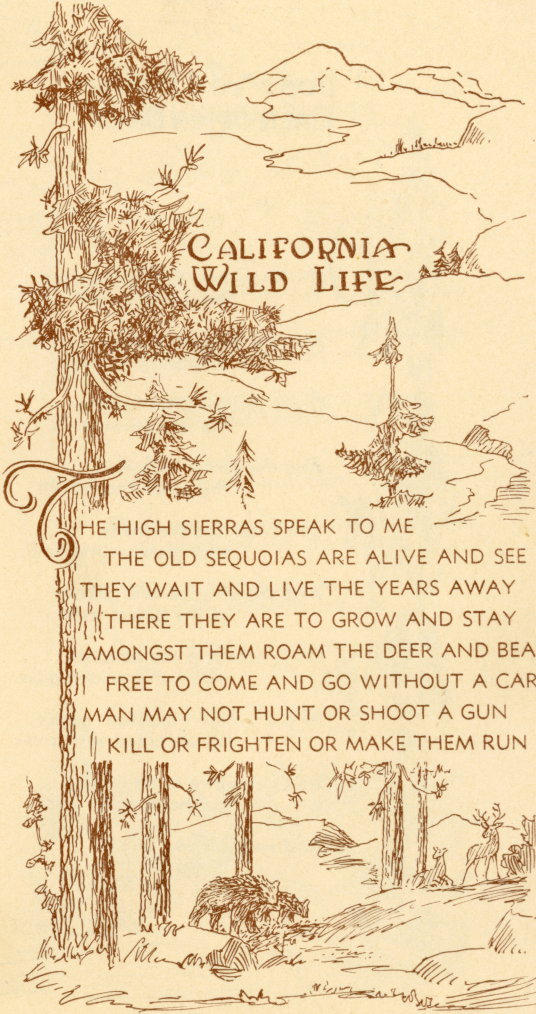
Lizards and horntoads all bask
in the hot sun.

But seek their cool sand holes
when day is done.

Who knows most about these
wonder desert lands.

He who packs his burros and
sleeps upon the sands.





CALIFORNIA WILD LIFE

THE HIGH SIERRAS SPEAK TO ME
THE OLD SEQUOIAS ARE ALIVE AND SEE
THEY WAIT AND LIVE THE YEARS AWAY
THERE THEY ARE TO GROW AND STAY
AMONGST THEM ROAM THE DEER AND BEAR
FREE TO COME AND GO WITHOUT A CARE
MAN MAY NOT HUNT OR SHOOT A GUN
KILL OR FRIGHTEN OR MAKE THEM RUN



DON'T YOU LOVE CALIFORNIA DAYS

DON'T you love California days,
the sun so bright.

And the beautiful moon and stars,
that shine at night.

Don't you love the summer,
the dry brown hills.

And the winter with rain,
the green that thrills.

Don't you love the fruits,
that grow on the lands.

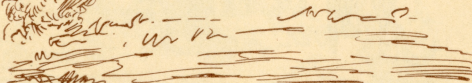
And the strange wild plants,
of the desert sands.

Don't you love the beaches,
with sun's golden glow

And the high mountain peaks,
all whitened with snow.

Don't you love to be living,
out here in the west.

And work all day, or play,
if you like it best.





DON'T YOU LOVE CALIFORNIA NIGHTS



DON'T you love California nights,
when you dream your dreams of love.

Don't you love the beautiful thoughts,
with moon and stars above.

Don't you love to lie there thinking,
and hear the mockers sing.

Don't you love the odor of the blossoms,
the gentle breezes bring.

Don't you love the beautiful mornings,
all sparkling with the dew.

Don't you love to rise so early,
when day is bright and new.

Don't you love to watch the sunset,
the golden of the west.

Don't you love to know you're living,
in the land you love the best.



WAY OUT WEST

YOU know the place
We love so well.

Way out west where
Ground squirrels dwell..

Where it's warm Christmas
And all things grow.

There's oranges and lemons
But no cold snow.

ROCKS AND RILLS

THE rocks and rills
Of the Atlantic side.

Long have been known
The Pilgrims' pride.

But in these mountains,
High, in the west.

Is the place for us,
We love it best.

HOLLYWOOD LIFE

WAY out west in Hollywood.
We'd all live there if we only could.
Where cowboys die, boots on, they do
tell
But what th'ell Bill, what th'ell

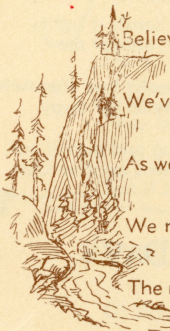




TRAVEL

P
erhaps it's like heaven
with all gates ajar.

To travel and travel
so far, oh so far.



Believe to see heaven
would cause quite a thrill.

We've never been there
but trusting we will.

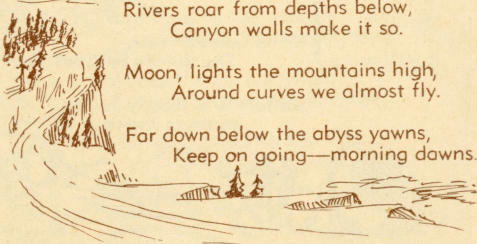
As we are now living
on this earthly sphere.

We must be content
with seeing what's here.

The mountains and canyons
and rivers that flow.

Come on—get going,
hurry—let's go.

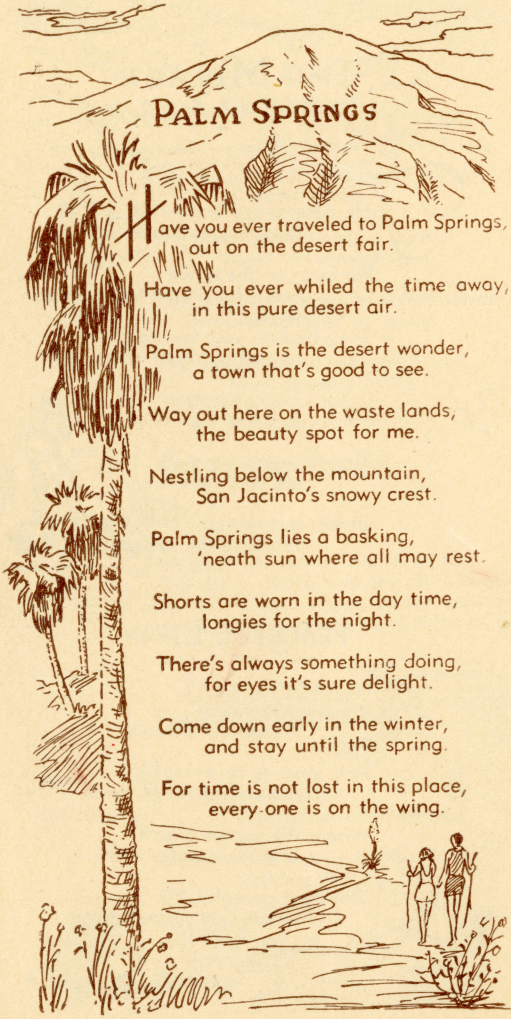
CALIFORNIA NIGHTS TRAVEL



Rivers roar from depths below,
Canyon walls make it so.

Moon, lights the mountains high,
Around curves we almost fly.

Far down below the abyss yawns,
Keep on going—morning dawns.



PALM SPRINGS

Have you ever traveled to Palm Springs,
out on the desert fair.

Have you ever whiled the time away,
in this pure desert air.

Palm Springs is the desert wonder,
a town that's good to see.

Way out here on the waste lands,
the beauty spot for me.

Nestling below the mountain,
San Jacinto's snowy crest.

Palm Springs lies a basking,
'neath sun where all may rest.

Shorts are worn in the day time,
longies for the night.

There's always something doing,
for eyes it's sure delight.

Come down early in the winter,
and stay until the spring.

For time is not lost in this place,
every-one is on the wing.

Baby Jacky

I had a baby burro,
when I was a little boy.
My father brought him to me,
just like a little toy.
He rode up in the baggage car,
he came from Indio,
And ever since those days,
I've loved the burros so.
The burro is our faithful friend,
serving for years and years.
So to see them abuse a burro,
starts me to shedding tears.

PINTO BILL
Feb. 7, 1936

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